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THE OBSERVATOR's LETTER

TO HIS
Learned COUNSEL. 88

Dear NICK,

TEN thousand Thanks to you, for your great Care of me. I hope you receiv'd the Shooes I sent you; the Heels are higher, the Soles thicker than the last: The Term will be long, Weather raw, *Westminster-Hall* damp, and you love walking. Pray learn to put a just Value upon your own Merits; take care of your Health, and walk less with your Nose in the Air.

Lord *W.....* has not yet paid the Farrier's Bill you mention. He says, he has several Bills of his own not yet discharg'd; however, I believe you may depend upon him.

Your Speech was glorious, well worded, well tim'd; old *P.....* out of the way; but Three Judges in Court, One fast asleep, and t'other Two you know how.

If your Wigg be finish'd by *Sunday*, I'll carry you along with me to Dinner to my Printer's. He was just at your Elbow in Court, and came away perfectly ravish'd, and talks of nothing but Printing.

Inquisition was a noble Thought; *State-Inquisitor* a happy Expression, and struck home; for the Sec. has foam'd at Mouth ever since.

I was last Night at the *Rainbow incog*: The Room was full, and all the Talk about you. *C.....s E.....d*, of the *Old-Club*, took down some of your best Sayings in his *Shagreen Pocket-Book*; fear not, lie on a *Ground-Room*, at least get Sheets enow.

Your Aunt *Sarah* has left a Seed-cake for you at *Dutton's*; She would not have you go fasting to *Westminster*.

I am just now come from the *Grecian*; you were much enquir'd after; a Friend ask'd me if you were not that *Letch*, who was formerly *Q.....s* Counsel: He did not think you practis'd: Expect a Guinea Fee by *Friday* se'night.

Fail not, on all Occasions, to throw Dirt; some must stick; 'tis all we have for it. The *Junto* are ravish'd at what you said about addle-pated Projectors, the Nation's Lethargy, and your own Courage. They dine this day with the *D...s* of *M.* where your Health will be drank. *De Foe* has left us, and writes for Peace and *South-Sea Trade*.

Pray, when you see our Friends, let them know, Times are hard, and that I was kickt twice last Week. I will, at any time, do as much for you. And am,

Dear Nick,

Your Brother in Adversity,

Observer.